THEODORI BEZÆ,

Theologi & Poetæ Clariss.

EPITAPHIA SELECTA,

Cum Anglica versione.

by Clement Barksdale

I. *Philippo Melanch.*
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IX. *Joachimo Camerario.*
X. *Gulielmo Budæo.*
In Epitaphia sua.

Horat. 4. 8.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat Mori.

LONDINI,

Pro *Jo. Barksdale* Cirencestriensi, 1680.

THEODORI BEZÆ EPITAPHIA.

1. Philippo Melanchthoni.

Et tu igitur tandem tumuli ſub mole repoſtus,
Die O Philippe nunc jaces!
Et quem invidiſti vivus tibi tute quletem,
Cunctis quietem dum paras,
Ipſa tibi cura & ſancti peperere labores,
Charum O bonis cunctis caput!
At tu funde roſas, funde iſti lilia, tellus;
Ut lilia inter & roſas,
Quo nil candidius fuit, & nil ſuavius unquam,
Recubet Melanchthon molliter,
Et gravis hinc ut ſis caveas, juveniſve ſenexve,
Qui nemini vixit gravis.

At laſt, O Divine Philip, Thou art gone,
Thy Reliques left under this Stone:
The peace in thy life time deny'd to thee,
While thou didſt others pacifie,
The reward of thy labors and thy care,
Thou enjoy'ſt, to all good Men dear.
But in his grave, let there ſpring Roſes ſweet,
And the white Lilies; theſe are meet
For him, who had ſo white and ſweet a breaſt,
Now among them to take his reſt.

O be not grievous to him dead, for he
Grievous was not, alive, to thee.

2. Eidem.

Cui niveus toto regnabat pectore candor,
Unum cui cœlum, cura, laborque fuit;
Num rogitas, qua ſit dictus ratione *Melanchthon*?
Scilicet *Euxinum* qua ratione vocant.

His Candor all Mens manners did ſurpaſs,
His care and ſtudy only Heaven was:
Ask you then, why Melanchthon *was his Name?*
Why Euxin *ſea? The reaſon is the ſame.*

3. Martino Luthero.

Roma orbem domuit, Romam ſibi Papa ſubegit,
Viribus illa ſuis, fraudibus iſte ſuis.
Quanto iſto major *Lutherus*, major & illa,
Iſtum illamq; uno qui domuit calamo?
I nunc, *Alcidem* memorato Græcia mendax;
Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil.

Rome the whole World, the Pope Rome overcame,
She did by force, and He by fraud the ſame.
Greater than Rome is Luther, *greater then*
The Pope; He overcame both with his Pen.
Let Greece tell tales of Herc'les, *if She will;*
His Club was not ſo ſtrong as Luthers quill.

4. Hul

4. Huldrico Zuinglio.

Zuinglius arderet gemino quum ſanctus amore,
Nempe Dei imprimis; deinde etiam patriæ;
Dicitur in ſolidum ſe devoviſſe duobus,
Nempe Déo imprimis, deinde etiam patriæ.
Quam bene perſolvit ſimul iſtis vota duobus,
Pro patria exanimis, pro pietate cinis.

Zuinglius inflam'd, firſt with God's love, and then
With true Affection to his Country-men,
Wholly devotes himſelf, to God firſt, then
Entirely alſo to his Country-men.
How well his vows were paid to Both? For He
Was ſlain for's Country; burnt for Piety.
Vide Thuani ob. & Elog.

5. Martino Bucero.

Natales, *Bucere*, tuos Germania jactat,
Natalibus fœlix tuis.
Quis vero & quantus fueris, tua ſcripta loquuntur
Ad littus orbis ultimum.
De vita ſiquis rogitet, Germania dicet,
Invita Bucerum expuli.
At ego ſic pulſum, pia dixerit Anglia, fovi,
Tandemque texi mortuum.
Verum mox eadem (factum ô immane!) ſepulchro
Flammis cremavit erutum.
Fallor ego, totus terrenæ fæcis an expers,
Bucere, ſic cœlum tenes, *Thy*

Thy birth is boaſted of by Germany,
A part of her felicity.
Who, and how great thou waſt, thy works declare;
Spread over all the World they are.
If one ask of thee, Germany *will ſay,*
Unwilling I drove him away.
England *will ſay, I welcom'd him with all*
Reſpect, and gave him burial:
And yet in England *Burnt, he could not have*
Any long quiet in his Grave.
O cruel! But I think thoſe Flames were given,
To purge, and carry him to Heaven.

6. *Petro Martyri.*

Thuſcia te pepulit, *Germania* & *Anglia* fovit,
Martyr, quem extinctum nunc tegit *Helvetia.*
Dicere quæ ſi vera volent, re & nomine dicent
Hic fidus Chriſti, credite, μάρτυς erat:
Utq; iſtæ taceant, ſatis hoc tua ſcripta loquuntur;
Plus ſatis hoc *Italis* exprobrat exilium.

Baniſht from Italy, *entertained by,*
And famous in, England *and* Germany,
Bury'd in Helvetia: *Theſe atteſt the ſame,*
Martyr *he was indeed as well as name.*
If theſe be ſilent, his Works witneſs this:
Too great a ſhame to Italy *it is.*

7. *Meliori Volmario & Margaritæ.*

Conjugii exemplum rarum certumque beati,
Spectate cuncti conjuges!
Una dies nobis Meliorem ſuſtulit, una
Et *Margaritam* ſuſtulit.
Sic uno quos vita toro conjunxerat, uno
Mors una tumulo condidit:
Una ambos donec reddat lux, unius olim
Beatitatis compotes.

Rare and ſure pattern of beſt Wedlock ſee
In theſe, all you that wedded be!
One day took away Melior *from our ſight,*
The ſame took away Margarit.
Thus as in life they had one Bed, they have
Now alſo in one Death one Grave;
Till one day both reſtore, and do poſſeſs
Both of them with one happineſs.

8. *Johanni Calvino.*

Romæ ruentis terror ille maximus,
Quem mortuum lugent boni, horreſcunt mali;
Ipſa à quo potuit virtutem diſcere virtus;
Cur adeo exiguo ignotoque in ceſpite clauſus,
Calvinus lateat rogas?
Calvinum aſſidue comitata *Modeſtia* vivum,
Hoc tumulo manibus condidit ipſa ſuis.

ô te beatum ceſpitem tanto hoſpite!
ô cui invidere cuncta poſſint marmora!

The terror of Rome, *falling now; lies here,*
Whom good Men do lament, the evil fear.
Doſt ask, why Calvin, *of whom virtue might*
Learn virtu's underturf ſo meanly ſite?
Modeſtia, *with whom* Calvin *his life led,*
Him thus with her own hands hath buried.
O happy Turf, where ſuch a gueſt doth ly!
O Turf, whom the beſt Marbles may envy.

9. *Joachimo Camerario.*

Extinctis olim Muſæ luxiſtis alumnis,
Et vitam veſtra reſtituiſtis ope:
Nunc contra vobis Joachimi in funere, Muſæ,
Has miſeri extinctis ſolvimus exequias.
Namq;omnes tecum, tecum Joachime Camœnæ,
Ut vixere ſimul, ſic periere ſimul.

The Muſes mourn'd for Schollars heretofore,
And by their aid did a new life reſtore:
But now, alas! in this Man's Funeral,
We pay our tears, O Muſes, at your fall.
With thee, O Joachimus, *all are dead:*
They liv'd with thee, with thee are buried.

10. *Guliel-*

10. *Gulielmo Budæo.*

Ὅστις Βυδαῖον γλώσσης ὀνομάσατο Φοῖβον
Ἀμφοτέρας, ὀρθῶς Φοῖβον ἔειπε μάλα,
Ἄξια δ' οὐκ εἶπεν. μείζων γὰρ κ' ἠελίοιο,
Ὃς δυσομένοισι φάος καὶ καταδὺς παρέχει.

The Phœbus *of both Tongues, who ere doth call*
Budœus, *ſaith well, but he ſaith not all.*
For He is more than Phœbus, *who gives light*
After his ſetting, and then ſhines more bright.

In Epitaphia ſua.

Santonicis dum bella fremunt civilia campis,
Et ruit ipſa ſuo Gallia verſa manu;
Beza hæc ſacrabam extinctis ſuſpiria amicis,
Eheu! quam multis *Beza* ſuperſtes ego.
Fac Deus ô, Patriæ ipſius ne funera plangam:
Fac potius *Bezam* patria ſacra gemat!

In Civil Wars, when French *againſt* French *band,*
And Gallia's *overthrown by her own hand,*
Beza *theſe ſighs to his dead Friends did give,*
Alas! How many Friends do I outlive!
O let me not lament my Countries fall!
Rather let France *ſee* Beza's *Funeral.*

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